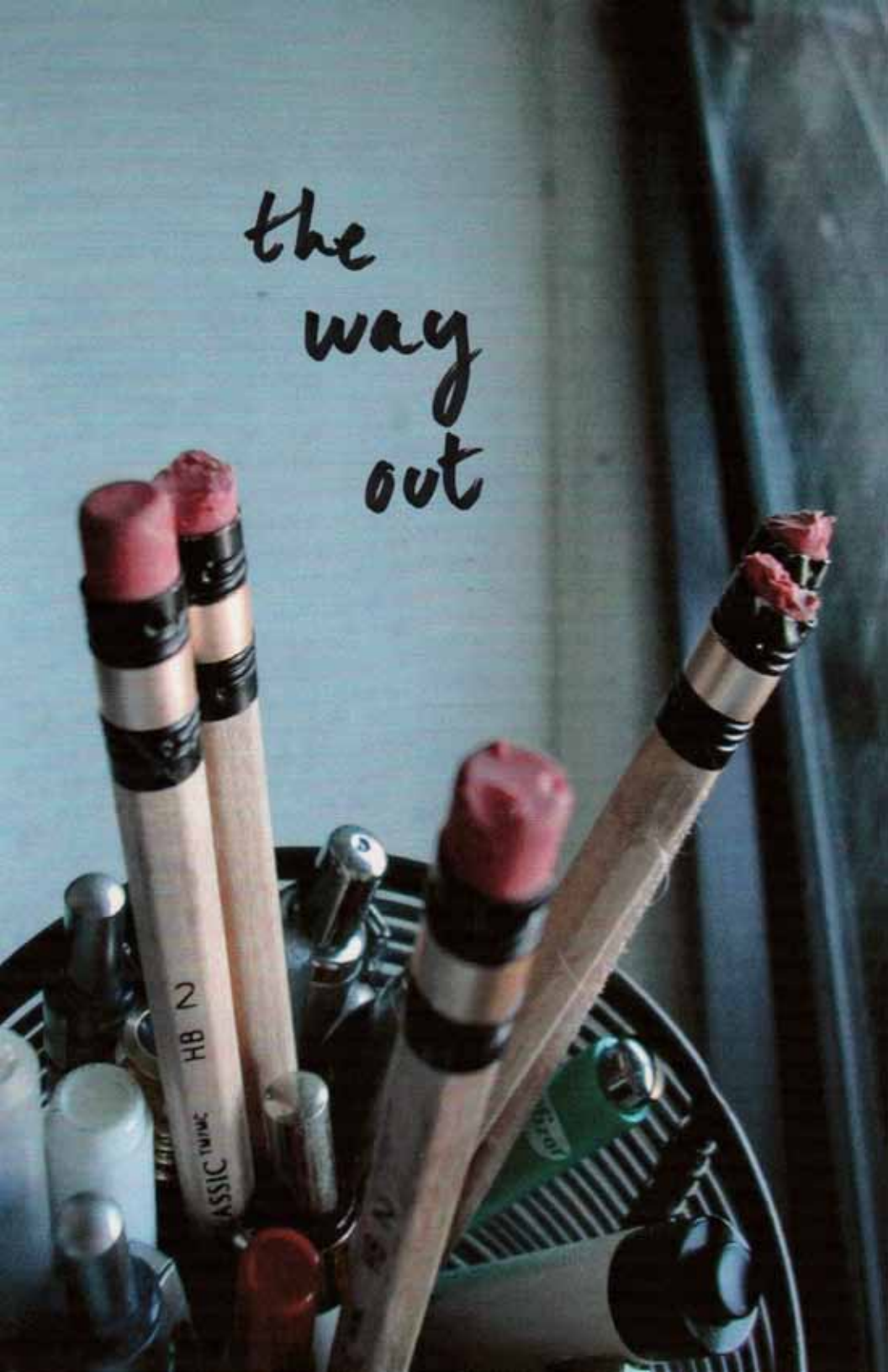
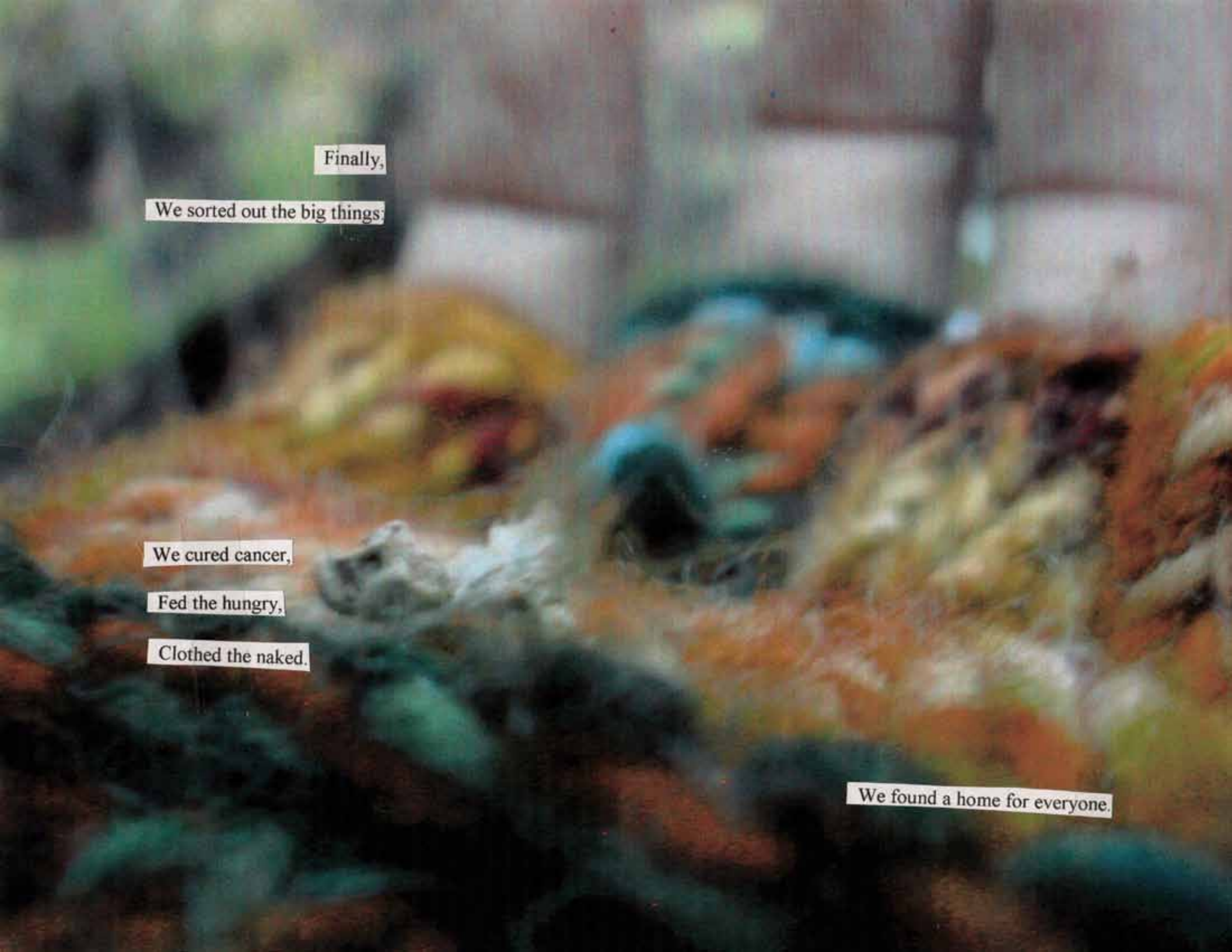
# the way out




Finally,
We sorted out the big things:
We cured cancer,
Fed the hungry,
Clothed the naked.
We found a home for everyone.

"you once were big,
but now you are small."

way out, issue 5.

lunar new year, 2013.

pg (e-version)

rob currie
small things

2, 4
poetry

rahul dev
the first hamster in space

5-8
comic

mattias darrow
pilgrims to the hidden land
scavenger priest
the electric wizard comes to wastes

9-11
drawings

kwk
34

12-14
prose

david corns
party people

15-17
drawings

john zahorian
welcome to washington (excerpt)

18-24
photos

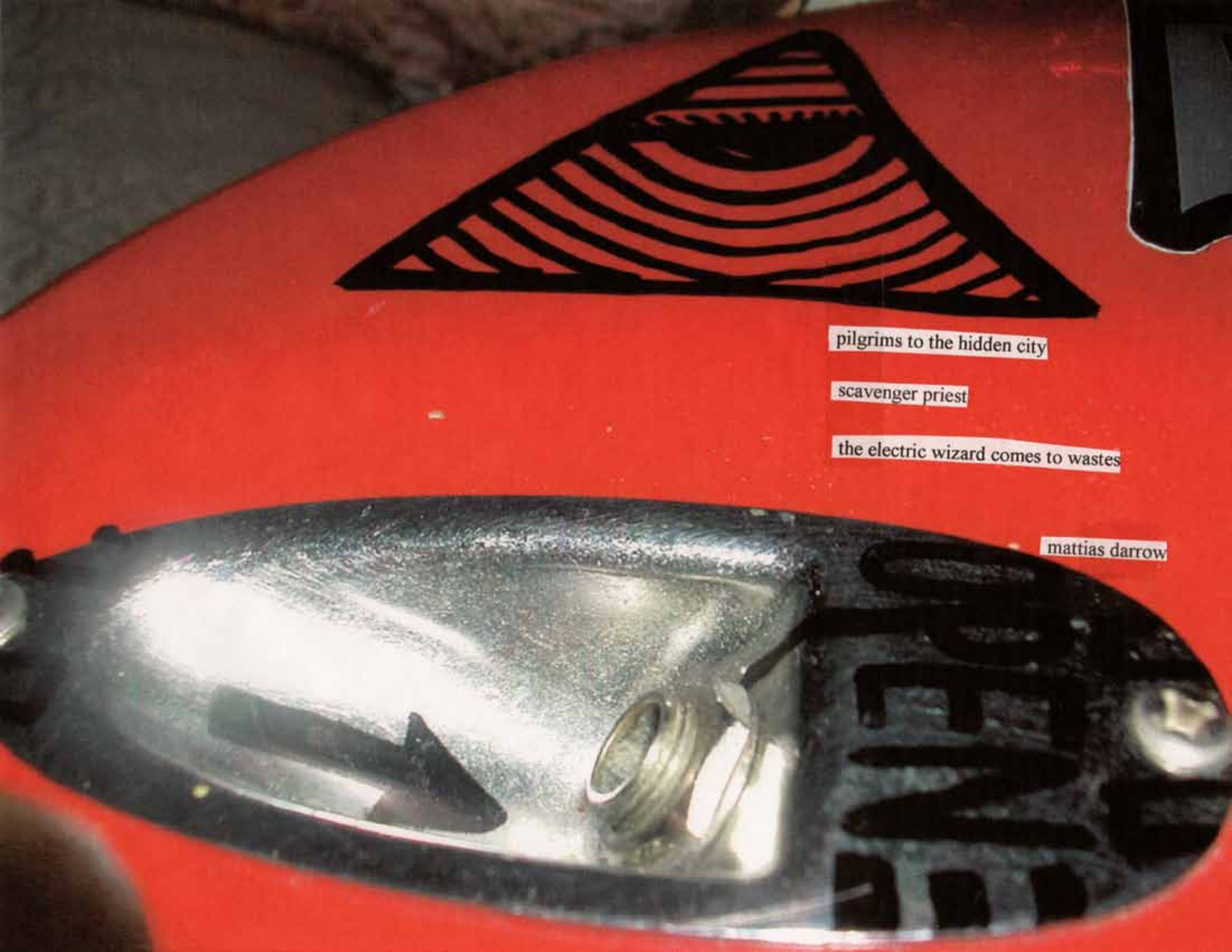
And so,
All that was left were the small things:
We went to war over the menu
Of our celebratory dinner.
The right flavour,
The perfect song,
Where to put the statue of ourselves...
small things
rob currie

the first hamster in space
rahul dev
(flip your viewers now)

Humans used to be the only ones who explored space...
...but that was back when they still existed.
I am...
THE FIRST HAMSTER IN SPACE!
Discovering brand new worlds...

The first planet I visited...
was ruled over by a giant cat.
Needless to say,
I had to stay hidden from his all-seeing gaze.

I ended my journey where I began...
But, the question was: when?



pilgrims to the hidden city

scavenger priest

the electric wizard comes to wastes

mattias darrow

"Pilgrim to the Hidden City"

Mathias Dr 12/12

"The Electric Wizard Comes to the Winter"

1/4/15

WATC
THE
GAP
AUTIO
ASE DO
EAN ON THE
TO OPEN DOOR
FOR EMERGENCY
EVACUATION
PULL
RED HANDLE
UP
34
kwk

"oh are you?!? that's excellent."

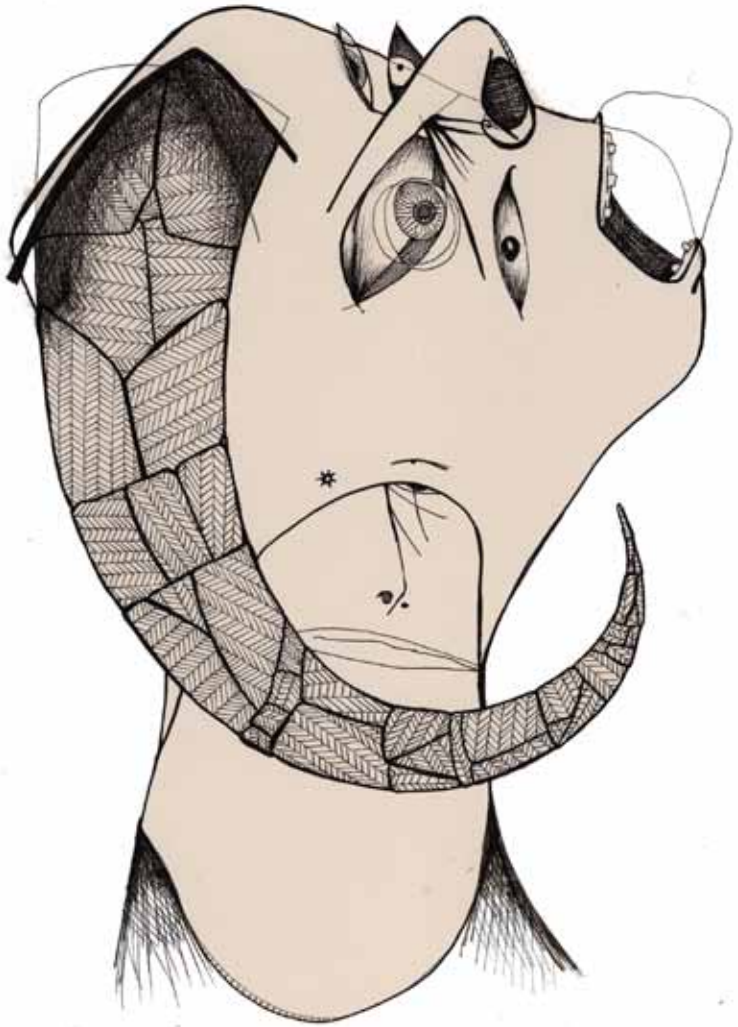
a smile creaked across esther's face. i wondered what she would nervously take off next. maybe her necktie. maybe not. it was an ugly colour and it hung like a donkey's tail off her neck. but then esther shifted her weight onto her other foot. her whole body pulsated and even though it was dark we followed accordingly. i don't know where

solomon's eyes ended up but for me it was all about the shoulder blades. like lovers on a queen bed. she was the only girl i knew with bone structure like that and it made my fingers itch for thick knitwear and the wet tongues of

dogs.

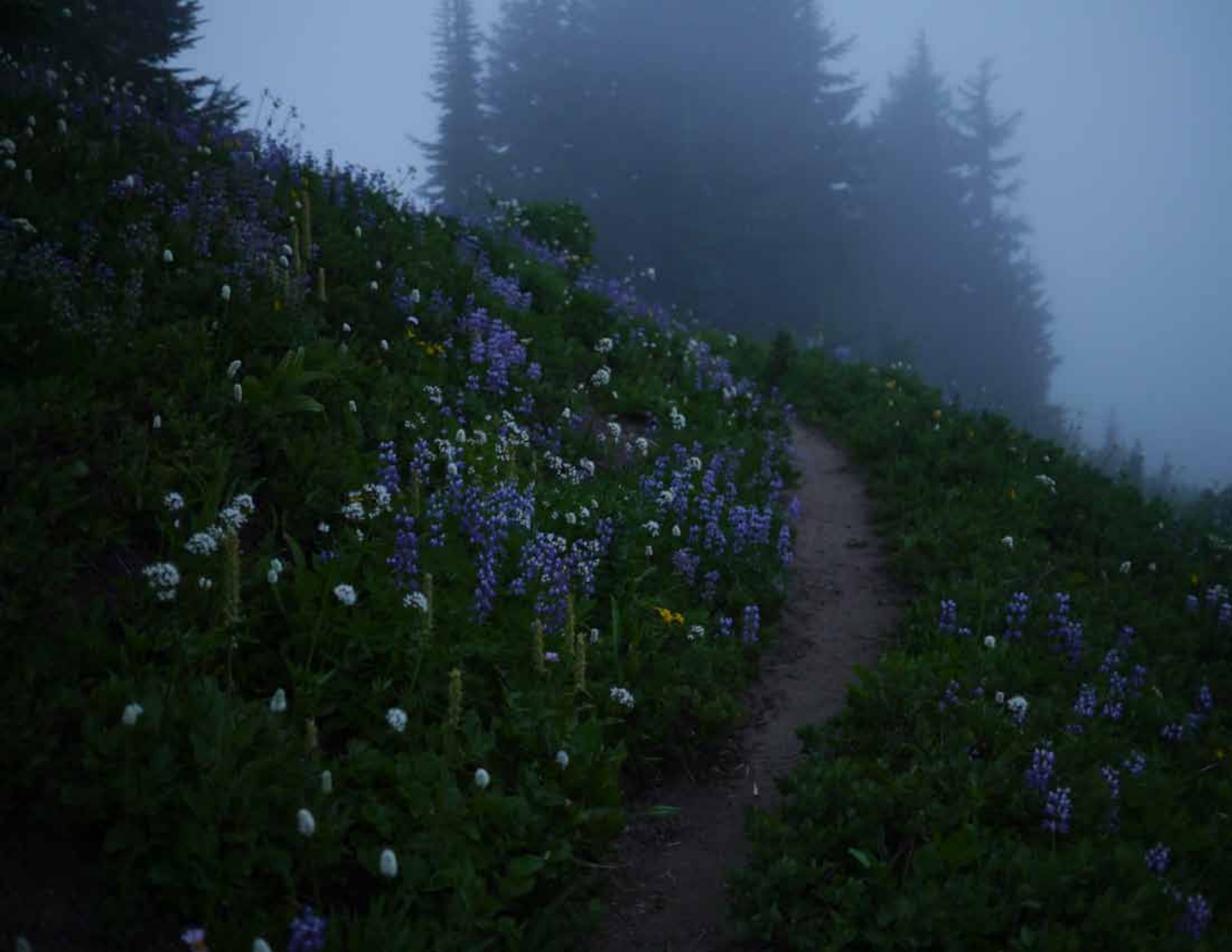
but now solomon had another girl to catch up with so i just took out a cigarette and stared and stared at her some more. ballmer was on the other side of the porch and yelled some things. "no. i don't think we're going to do that. sorry." that was 3 years ago which was before i met solomon even. back then the nights got darker a lot faster and in one of them she had smelled like something from a shampoo commercial. she said hello, and then she'd laugh, but not for the reason that you and i automatically arrive at.

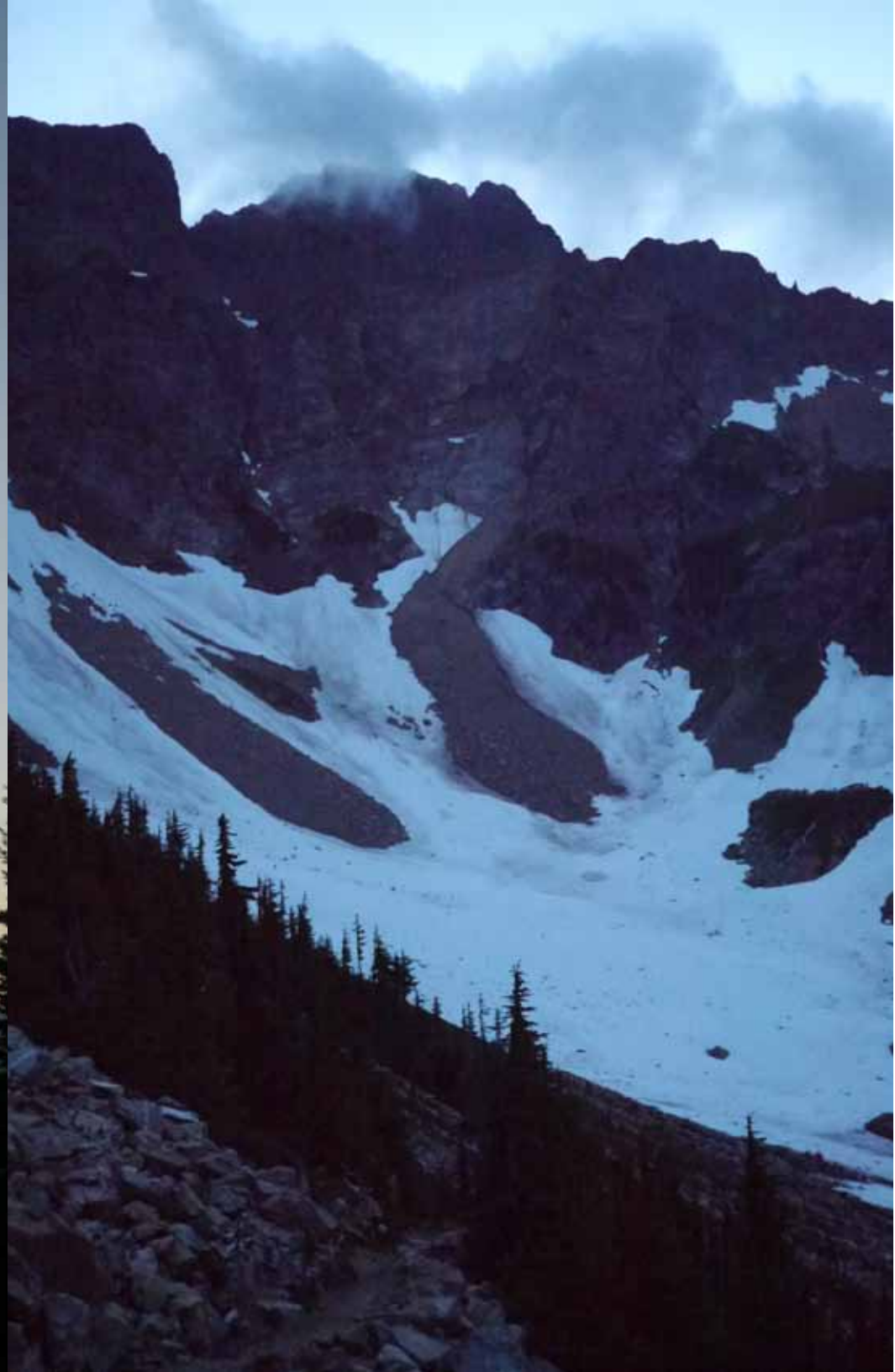
party people
david corns



# welcome to washington (excerpt)

john zahorian





february is zine month!

check out these neat zines, from friends of WAY OUT:

Too Kawaii to Die #3

"a zine dedicated to the post-post-post-american anime culture world of cute meets scary, sad, weird, and dumb."

out now!

tookawaiitodie.tumblr.com

Subjective Magazine, No. 3: "The Crowd"

"... a hybrid between *This American Life* and *People* Magazine... a tabloid of the everyday man."

out soon (March)

subjectivemagazine.tumblr.com

and you can always read past issues of WAY OUT at lopsig.wordpress.com

and order print copies from huliscool@gmail.com

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